

Rel
PRESBYTERY
Rough-drawn.

A
SATYR.

IN
CONTEMPLATION
OF
The late Rebellion.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Joanna Brome*, at the Gun, at the West
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PRESSBURY

ROBERTSON

2nd Edition

CONSTITUTION

The late Rebellion

LONDON

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To the Right Honourable

JAMES,

EARL of *ABINGDON*,

LORD *NORREYES*,

BARON of *RICOTT*,

AND

Lord Lieutenant of His **MAJESTY'S**

County of *OXFORD*.

My Lord,

I *Am not insensible but that I go contrary to the Exam-
ples of my Contemporaries, in writing a Dedication
before a Poem of this Nature; where the Satyr may
seem to point at particular Persons, and also to infer,*

A 2

that

The Dedication:

that they are already in the disesteem of the Patron. These Considerations (I confess) are sufficient to stifle the very Thought of a Dedication. But when you shall know (my Lord) that 'twas not the Ambition alone of pre-fixing your Lordship's Name to the Frontispiece (of which I must acknowledge my self guilty) but withal, that it might be a guard to secure my first Essay from the malicious Censures of the Factions; for, if their unlimited indignities extend to the vilifying the best Frame of Government in the World; how can I expect this slender Production of mine sho'd scape? Wherefore, when your Lordship shall know this, I may reasonably hope for a favourable construction of a Freedom taken, which others have not yet adventur'd on. And indeed, of all the British Nobility, to whom cou'd I with more security address my self for Refuge, than to your Lordship? Who in all the time of our Late Confusions (when Fears and Jealousies had wrought the Rabble into Madness) with so much integrity and Justice maintain'd the Royal Interest, and stood the shock of Faction in its highest Rage; even when Loyalty was hardly able to support it self, or thrown by like an unfashionable Garment; when the Hypocrisie of the Tubb had stain'd the Purity of the Gospel, and with its noisie Cant had almost driven three Kingdoms into a second Rebellion. To dare to be honest at such a time (my Lord) was certainly the most exalted Proof of a firm Obedience; and made no less known the Character of your Greatness than
of

The Meditation.

of your Loyalty; which is a dead, but truly, sentiment: that
to attempt to heighten it, would but ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~from~~ ^{from} that
which I am oblig'd to (though at an humble distance) not to
admire.

It is beyond all doubt that to offer at a description of
Heaven would be utterly vain; because it is impossible
to be describ'd: for it may reasonably be thought, that,
where Imagination it self cannot reach an Idea suitable
to what the thing really is, Language (though
dress'd in all the Gallantry of Eloquence) must come in-
finitely short: Nevertheless, if we may presume to aim
at it with any Earthly comparison, nothing can more re-
semble it than the Content and Felicity your Lordship
is seated in: where you have all the Delights of the
Court without the Vanity; the Transactions of the Town,
without the Noise; the ~~Crude~~ ^{Crude} of good Men, without being
stumm'd with Flattery; Diversion, without Folly; Plenty,
without Luxury; and indeed, all the Sweets of Life, with-
out the Gall, which too commonly attends 'em. Pardon me
(my Lord) that I am so long upon a Subject that I can-
not exchange for a better.

As for the following Trifle, I have little to say in
defence of it; onely, that it carries no other design a-
long with it than the reducing of Offenders to Obedience,
and to make the more moderate see their Errours; the
first step towards amendment. But that such a design
(~~the more~~ pursu'd) shou'd please all Men, I am not so
vain as to expect; for the World was never yet so honest,
but

The Dedication.

but that it might mend. To be no farther troublesome
(my Lord) should it gain the Success which I my self
could wish it, it would not equal the satisfaction I have
in the honour of valuing my self, as,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Humble

and Obedient Servant,

R. G.

Presby=

Presbytery Rough-Drawn.

A
SATYR.

In Contemplation of
The late Rebellion.

Rouze, Rouze, my *Muse* ; why dost thou silent lie
When Truth's oppress'd, and Mischiefe soars so
Rouze then, and lash with thy severest Rage ^(high)
Th' ingratitude of a Rebellious Age.

Oh

Oh *Albion*, (to all sense of Glory dead)
 Whither is all thy ancient Grandeur fled?
 That Grandeur, which through *France* in Triumph
 And onely *Came*, and *Saw*, and did *Subdue*: (flew,
 In vain vast Bul-warks, and strong Walls oppose
 Against a Fate, which was more strong than those;
 A Fate, by which our Victories flew like Wind,
 And left swift Fame panting for Breath behind.
 That Grandeur which once met the *Pride of Spain*,
 Like a huge City, floating on the Main;
 Met it, and to the bottom sunk it down:
 Oh ancient Glory! Oh unmatched Renown!
 And Oh the uncertain state of all that's high!
 Those *Masts* which lately seem'd to touch the Sky,
 Now low in the vast Ocean's Womb do lie;
 And where th' *Armada* did its Pride display,
 Fishes resort, and wanton *Dolphins* play:
 Hard Fate! and yet they're happier far than we,
 From all the sad events of *Discord* free;

For there they lie secure, and now no more
 Will mount the foaming Waves as heretofore,
 But quite beneath 'em, never hear 'em roar.
 Nor stop thy *Genius* here; but with the Sun,
 Round the vast Circuit of the Globe has run,
 And came home cover'd with the Laurels won.
 But Ah! what art thou now become? a Den
 Of Murth'ers, Monsters, and perfidious Men:
 What Vict'ries now dost thou atchieve or win?
 As once in Arms, so now thou'rt chief in Sin,
 His'd at without, and damn'd to Strife within.

Happy the Times, when Man rejoyc'd to pay
 All just Obedience to the Regal Sway;
 But now Rebellious Rage is grown so high,
 Man's Cruelty does Savage Beasts out-vie;
 For they all Tremble when the *Lions* Roar,
 And grow as Tame as they were Wild before:
 To their great Chiefs they all Obedience pay:
 In which they prove us greater Beasts than they:

For Man, ~~base~~ Man, will no Obedience own;
 But in Contempt of it, their Kings dethrone,
 Although they know (as what they ought to fear)
 They Stab at God in his Vicegerents here.
 The Treach'rous ~~jews~~ that never stoop at Ills,
 But trac'd the Bent of their unbounded Wills;
 Though one (perhaps) drunk with Ambitious Rage,
 (For Villains are produc'd in every Age)
 All ties of God and Nature might disown;
 And on his Sov'reign's Blood erect his Throne:
 Yet I ne'er read the Faction's Chiefs did joyn,
 Associated in one Damn'd Design;
 Or that they were such vain fantastick things,
 To think that God design'd 'em all for Kings;
 As our Religious Rebels did of late
 When they o'erthrew the long establish'd State,
 And made three Nations groan beneath the weight:
 Brought down their God-like Sov'reign to the Block,
 And which was worse -----
 Worse than the Bonds of Loyalty when broke,
 Proclaim'd that Justice gave the bitter Stroke.

Vile Brood! can Justice an Injustice doe?
 Cou'd ye, when false, at the same time be true?
 At once be Royalists and Traitors too?
 No, no, witness how unconcern'd ye stood,
 And bath'd your hands in your dear Sov'reign's Blood.

Ah! Righteous God that sit'st in Peace above;
 From whence thou show'st eternal streams of Love
 Down on thy Church below: what was it then
 Drew down this Plague? that Sacrilegious Men
 Shou'd Plunder that, and Rob the Land of more
 Than ever it was blest with heretofore;
 A King so Good, so Mercifull, and Just,
 His chief delight was to pursue his Trust;
 So far from thinking or creating Strife;
 He blest'd that Hand that took away his Life.

But tell me, ye ungodly treach'rous Crew;
 (Take't to your Selves to whom 'tis truly due;

For as things heavy to the Centre tend,
 As Showres on Earth do fall, or Flames ascend,
 And in short, all to their allotted place;
 So Villany, and ev'ry thing that's base,
 Flies to your Hearts, as to its proper Sphere,
 And finds an everlasting Centre there.)

Oh! tell me, where's the Fame that does succeed
 That (still deplor'd by me) prodigious deed?
 A deed so far beyond all flights of ill,
 It can't be match'd in the Records of Hell:
 A deed so damn'd! as if design'd to vie
 Ev'n with the *Jews* boundless Impiety,
 When they doom'd *Christ* unjustly to the Cross;
 And frighted Nature trembled at the loss.
 But this you'll say was Mercy from above,
 To shew th' extent of Heavens eternal Love;
 Or else the *Jews* might here pretend some cause
 For his annulling their *Mosaick Laws*;

But

But ah! what cause had you, perfidious Brood,
 To stain your hands in that illustrious Bloud,
 Which never was employ'd but for your Good?
 Or was it done, because it was your will?
 (That potent Cause by which y'are govern'd still?)
 Oh curs'd effects of Arbitrary Zeal!

I know you'll say, 'twas your design to be
 From servile Slav'ry and Oppression free;
 But those that shoot at random in the Night
 When darkness rules may sooner hit the White;
 They must be wrong who ne'er were in the right:
 For when through all your treach'rous Paths y'ad ran,
 Adverse to all the Laws of God and Man;
 Had you at last your expectations Crown'd?
 Or was the Liberty, you fought for, found?
 (Indeed it were unjust to think it shou'd;
 The way to Peace lies not through War and Bloud)
 No, no, that Pop'lar Idol of your own,
 That load of Beast which once defil'd the Throne,

That

That Deity, which your own Hands had made,
 And then with so much frantick Zeal obey'd,
 Did all your Rights and Liberties invade;
 Those Liberties ye had so long enjoy'd,
 And could not be, but by your selves destroy'd;
 Those Rights, which with an unexhausted spring,
 For ever flow'd from your indulgent King:
 Those Rights did an Usurping Conquerour
 Ravish, and make you Slaves to a lawless Pow'r;
 For how could he Protect, that did Devour?
 Nay the base *Sanhedrim*, whose lawless Pride
 Had to their King his Regal Dues deny'd,
 With open Hands the Tyrant's Lust supply'd;
 Which their proud Stores to an Ebb as low did bring,
 As they were full when they deny'd their King.
 Thus by their Aid he did the War commence,
 And made 'em wretched at their own expence.
 A just reward for raising Civil-war,
 (And may no Traitors ever better fare)

A fond imagin'd freedom to restore
 When we had all our Hearts cou'd wish before:
 'Twas justly lost then, when we sought for more.

But lo! the Scenes are shifted streight, and lo!
 His God's, his King's and his own Countrie's Foe,
 Is in a moment slain! 'twas Death that gave
 The fatal Stroke and sent him to the Grave;
 Where he no sooner enter'd, but the slain,
 Who in the Vales of horreur did remain,
 With dismal Groans pierc'd all the neighbouring Air,
 As if he'd been deny'd an entrance there:
 Nor were the dire fore-boding Omens vain;
 The Grave cou'd not such Villany contain,
 But from its Entralls spew'd him back again.
 Thus he, who while he liv'd no freedom gave
 Had not, in death, the freedom of a Slave,
 The poor allowance of a six-foot Grave:
 Like the proud *Petitioner*, in the Air he hung,
 Like him too, the Reproach of ev'ry Tongue.

Ravens

Ravens, and all th' inferiour Fowls of Prey,
 Which us'd to hover round where Carion lay,
 Croak'd at the Tyrant----- croak'd and flew away. }
 And now of all his noisie Pomp and Fame,
 Nothing survives but a reproachfull Name.
 Thus Treach'ry though it may a while shine bright,
 As Meteors at a blaze lose all their light;
 And what they had from the dull Earth before,
 When once it is dissolv'd, is seen no more.

And now (methinks) I see the Sun appear,
 Nor is it onely thought, for lo he's here:
 With gentle Beams he first proclaims the Day,
 Then drives at once th'unwholsome Damps away.
 Ah welcome, Sacred Sir, welcome as Sight
 To those who from their births have groap'd in night }
 And never hop'd to view the cheerfull light:
 Welcome as Spring, after a bitter Frost;
 Welcome as Peace, where Peace has long been lost.

What

What shall I say? O what eternal spring
 Can furnish Words, or set my Thoughts on wing
 To blefs his Welcome, and his Praises sing!
 But hold, my *Muse*; in vain that pitch you'd fly,
 For Language there must yield, as well as I:
 Back then to thy own Task, and scourge the times,
 Revile their Follies, and disclose their Crimes;
 How canker'd Villains into corners run,
 And blush'd at the vile deeds their Hands had done;
 But deeds of darkness dare not view the Sun:
 Too well they knew the Mischiefs that they wrought
 Were unreveng'd, and trembl'd at the Thought;
 As fearing (what indeed they ought to fear)
 That Vengeance for their Treach'ry now was near:
 But God-like Kindness (as in Man's first Fall)
 Gave them an *Act* of Grace, and cancell'd all.
 An *Act*! which Reason's at a loss to scan;
 And proves the *Giver* something more than Man;
 Whose Goodness we in vain wou'd comprehend,
 For he forgives as fast as we offend:

So Mercifull! there's not a Thought Severe
 In all his Soul ----- too Mercifull I fear!
 For had that Hand of Justice (once oppress'd)
 That strook some Heads off, but secur'd the rest;
 The *Hydra* then might have been overcome;
 But be'ng too mercifull, and sparing some,
 From the rank wounds more darling Monsters sprowt,
 And ev'ry Neck a thousand Heads thrusts out,
 Till the vast sum did soon amount to more,
 And lewder Criminals than e'er before:
 So Thieves from Gallows fav'd, still Thieves will be;
 And cut the Throats of those that set 'em free.
 But sure that King must needs be all divine,
 When too much Mercy is his onely Crime.

Say then, ye bold Fanaticks of the Times,
 (Ye that succeed those Monsters in their Crimes)
 What makes you thus Seditiously exclaim
 Under the Blessings of a peacefull Reign?

What

What ye wou'd have I know not; but I know
Ye might be happy if ye wou'd be so;
Happy as Lovers on their Bridal Night;
But that's a Happiness but vain and flight,
Where Pain and Trouble still succeed Delight: }
But yours might be all one continu'd Scene,
Without an interval of Grief between.
Has not your God (if any God ye own;
But I much rather think that ye have none,
For God, from whom all true Obedience springs,
Injoins us strictly to obey our Kings.)
Has he not sav'd from Rebels impious Steel,
And the worse Fury of misguided Zeal
A gracious Prince, and blest'd us with his Reign?
In whom his Father seems to live again:
By Heav'n's peculiar care made fit to Rule;
Wou'd ye leave him for some Usurping Tool?
A baseness never to be cancell'd more,
Unless by him that cancell'd it before:

A Prince who has through all misfortunes trod,
 With the unshaken Patience of a God:
 And as 'tis sung, *Achilles*, heretofore
 The weight of Heav'n upon his Shoulders bore,
 So He (a nobler Subject for our Songs)
 At once sustains a World ——— a World of Wrongs;
 A World! which were that once fam'd Hero now,
 Tho' he bore Heav'n, beneath their Weight he'd bow.
 Yet still he *Governs*, still he Rules in Peace,
 (And may it, Heav'n, O may it never cease!)
 And still your Stores eternally increase;
 Time was th' *increas'd* too much; and that the thing,
 That made thee, *London*, murmur at thy King;
 And lift thy Proud Luxurious Head as high,
 As it since low did in its Ashes lie:
 'Twas that inspir'd thy Crowds with factious Rage;
 The Crowd! whose fury nothing can assuage,
 Nor Tears of Youth, nor Eloquence of Age:
 It rowls o'er all with an impetuous sway,
 Like Rivers when they've forc'd their Banks away:

The

The Crowd! which does for ever look awry
 On those that true desert has mounted high,
 And wou'd rebell although it knows not why;
 And such a Crowd wer't thou — a Mass combin'd
 Of all adult'rate mixtures we can find,
 That may infect the Soul or taint the Mind:
 No wonder then, with such rank Weeds o'erspread,
 Thy Body shou'd rebell against its Head.
 That Honesty that lodg'd within thy wall,
 (For there were Thousands that ne'er bow'd to *Beal*)
 Like some poor wounded Deer was stright cashier'd;
 Or bore the brunt of all the Brutal Herd.
 And this the Faction wou'd be at agen,
 For the same cause that they promoted then;
 Were they not baffled, curb'd and kept in awe
 By Men that love the King, the Church, the Law:
 And such the Bench of Aldermen are now;
 Compar'd with whom, how dim the Factionous show?
 Nor shou'd we here those Citizens forget,
 Whose Acts are proof that Faith's a Vertue yet;

Since

Since by the Good (as in a Mirrour) still
We may descry the Failings of the Ill :
But why do I presume those Faults to scan,
Which in the Action are so lively drawn ?
Witness for proof th' imparall'd abuse
(Beyond Example, as beyond excuse)
To their last Loyal Chief-----
Which from no other Cause but this cou'd spring ;
The Man was honest, and he lov'd his King.
Help Heav'n ! what but confusion can succeed,
When to be Loyal's a pernicious deed,
Faith to the Crown, a Crime ? ---- but to proceed. }
Has he not stoop't beneath his Royal Stem,
Lower than ever Rebels stoop't to him ?
Has he not all his Subjects wants supply'd ?
What did they ask him that he e'er deny'd ?
Unless it were (invincible constraint !)
What Nature, Law and Conscience cou'd not grant ?
Has he not too (though now the Scenes are chang'd)
Like a poor Pilgrim through the Nations rang'd ?

Distress'd

Distress'd, despis'd, nay almost left of all;
And by the Rage of an ambitious *Saul*,
As many various turns of mis'ry bore,
As God's good Shepherd *David* did before?
Yet now as soon as God is pleas'd again
To give us Peace, by giving Him to Reign;
Rather than they'll be honest or reform,
Ev'n in the Sacred Port they'll force a Storm:
But all in vain ----- for the Eternal Will,
(The Guardian Pillar that directs him still)
Will now as well protect him from the Rage
Of an unsatisfy'd, seditious Age,
With the same mighty Love as heretofore,
When War did rave, and all the Billows roar.
Assur'd of this, how dare Men disapprove
What Heav'n protects, and Heav'nly Angels love?
Who is a Subject fit for Songs divine;
Alas, how far above the reach of mine!
And

And then his Princely Brother (whom their hate
 Brands with the Name of Traytor to the State;
 But falsly-----false as the Tongue-murth'ring Blade
 That first made Perjury to be a Trade.

So false! ev'n they themselves cou'd ne'er deny,
 But that their Hearts gave their bold Tongues the lie:
 For why shou'd he conspire against that Throne,
 Which Legally may come to be his own? }

No; that's a work for him that's Born to none? }
 Has not that Prince mov'd in the self-same Sphere?
 With Patience born all wrongs that Man can bear?

Who, though your Envy does his Fame pursue,
 He still has fought both for your Rights and You.

In foreign Lands his conduct he has shown;
 And found no Valour braver than his own.
 Conquest was still his Prize; and as Success

Crown'd him at Land, 'twas on the Sea no less;
 Where on the Deck (for his dear Countries good,
 Whose Cause he fought) he has undaunted stood

Amidst

Amidst the wildest rage of Canons roar;
 Whose sound has frighted Cowards on the Shore.
 Black Clouds of Smoke have dimm'd the Sun's bright
 And made a Night at the full Noon of Day. (ray,
 One wou'd have thought, who from afar had seen,
 They in the Bosome of the Clouds had been,
 And round their Heads Light'ning and Thunder flew;
 And through the Air ten thousand Terrours threw.
 The Sun himself look'd pale; amaz'd to see
 Deaths scatter'd through the Air like Atoms flee;
 And Nature was concern'd as well as he. }
 Not so the Duke — who did through all appear
 Fierce as a Storm, and was himself a War.
 O who in such a Cause wou'd danger shun,
 Bless'd with so brave a Chief to lead 'em on?
 Who scorn'd to check his Rage, or leave the Fray, }
 Till h'ad quite drove the shatter'd Fleet away;
 Too wise to trust to Fate another day. }
 Thus he, sole Victor, did our Fame regain;
 And rode unrival'd o'er the conquer'd main.

D

Enrich'd

Enrich'd by Princes so Divine, so Good,
 (Brothers in Vertue, as they are by Bloud)
 What Frenzy is it makes you think y'are Poor?
 When Heav'n in them showres down so vast a Store,
 'Twould be impiety to wish for more;
 Which as 'tis great, we ought to think it good,
 As drawn from th' Fountain of a Martyr's Bloud.
 But as when some wild rav'nous Beast of Prey
 Has seiz'd a Lamb which in his passage lay,
 The Bloud's first suck'd, and finding that so sweet,
 He crams his Maw with the delicious Meat;
 Yet the same moment, painted with the Gore,
 Rouzes again, and roams the Woods for more.
 So you, flush'd with your former Royal Bait,
 Grow mad again, and for more Bloud do wait,
 In the subversion of the Regal State.

From whence else can our wild divisions grow?
 Can such a Prince be his own Countries Foe?

At the same time he does their Battails fight,
 And makes their happiness his chief delight ?
 True; but you'll say (perhaps) others have done
 As brave exploits, as glorious Fields have won.
 Well, and suppose it true: yet when their Fame
 We once compare with *York's* illustrious Name,
 It blushing shrinks into itself again. }
 None sure but such as have abandon'd Sense,
 Will stoop to an Usurper for a Prince;
 And like the rough-cast Heathen's heretofore,
 Rather than want a Patron-God t'adore,
 Before some Stock or Stone will Homage pay;
 Or to some uncouth Creature Kneel and Pray.
Dagon, to those who did before him fall,
 (As the All-high to us) was all in all;
 But God forbid we shou'd their steps pursue,
 Or for to serve the False, Blaspheme the True;
 Whose Laws (though spurn'd at by Fanatick spight)
 Instruct us to distinguish Wrong from Right.

Right, when we do the true Succession own;
 Wrong when a false Pretender mounts the Throne;
 Right, to obey those rightfull Sov'reign Pow'rs,
 Who lose their own repose to procure ours;
 But Wrong, against such Goodness to declame,
 Or with base Libels strive to wound his Fame.
 But they that took away his Father's Life,
 Defame the Royal Duke, spare not his Wife;
 Such Undertakers rightly understood,
 Can mean their present Sov'reign little good.
 --- Nor stops the Frenzy here --- when ev'ry Drone }
 Inspir'd by foggy Ale's a Statesman grown, }
 And takes upon him to dispose the Crown;
 Drivels out spitefull Treason o'er his Pots,
 With as much Zeal and Gravity as a ---
 Go to your Looms, Cobble your Shoes; and there
 We will allow y're in your proper Sphere;
 Those Paths by Beasts of Burthen may be trod;
 But leave the Crown to the dispose of God;

" Whose

" Whose Voice to say you are, were Blasphemy;
" For there all Parts do with the Whole agree,
" And with a Concord so Divinely sweet,
" As never can with Contradictions meet:
" Shou'd the almighty Voice-----
" With the Profane dull Crowds run Parallel;
" 'Twould turn ev'n Heav'n it self t' a kind of Hell.
" Twere better far to let the State alone,
And mind your little Common-wealths at home.
But if 'tis needfull it shou'd now be known,
Who must or ought hereafter wear the Crown;
We need no other Guide than Reason's light,
Whose shou'd it be, but whose it is by Right?
His Right alone (which onely is withstood
By such a fullen and contentious Brood)
Whose sure it is by all the Ties of Bloud.
Ye hate the King, yet ye all Kings wou'd be;
Why do ye strive to Rule else more than he?
And while ye are contending who shou'd wear
The Regal Crown, the Regal Sceptre bear;

By

By fraud and Treach'ry (marks by which y'^{(known,} are
 Well as your Tub-men by their canting Tone)
 Wou'd from his Brows, transplant it to your own :
 But finding that y'are baffl'd in your Will,
 Run drudging on, and will be Rebels still.

Yes Rebels? what else can the meaning be,
 Of Bellowing after Rights and Liberty,
 When 'tis impossible to be more free?
 Of all the Nations that enclose you round,
 Point me out one with half your Freedoms Crown'd;
 Freedoms too great, too much in't to express;
 Nor is each Man's particularly less.
 The Wild has liberty the World to roam,
 To *France*, to *Spain*, *Smyrna*, *Japan* or *Rome*;
 But ne'er will find a better place than Home;
 Where Nature in her bloom for ever waits,
 And ev'ry morning fresh delight creates.

Th'Old and Studious may enjoy their ease;
 And this may plough the Land, and that the Seas;
 The Crowds too, may almost doe what they please:
 Oh that they might not; 'tis th' unhappy Cause
 From whence our Discord still more Discord draws:
 For when the Conscience its own way may go,
 How boundless, wild a Monster will it grow!
 Pulpits are dwindled into Tubs; and Kings,
 Esteem'd unnecessary useles things:
 All wholesom Doctrin's Banish'd with the Creed,
 And Blockheads Preach, who never learnt to Reade.
 Kings to their Subjects must Obedience pay:
 Nor is it strange the Flock shou'd go astray,
 When they themselves are in the wrong that guide;
 'Tis best then when such Liberty's deny'd.
 Does not your Land with Milk and Hony flow?
Canaan cou'd not such Crops of Plenty show,
 Or *Jordan's* lov'd, and unpolluted Streams,
 Produce more Wonders than our fruitfull *Thames*.

Do not all things that feast the Eye and Ear,
 The Taste and Smell for ever flourish here
 With an unbounded, unexhausted Spring?
 And to Crown all ----- }
 Are we not Crown'd with an Indulgent King?
 Having all this, what wou'd ye more possess?
 Having so much, why wou'd ye make it less?
 Why shou'd that pleasant tune of Concord cease?
 Can e'er Rebellion be the way to Peace?
 Why do ye your pernicious Doctrine sow?
 And through the Land seditious Libells strow;
 Spurn at the Vertuous, vilifie the Just,
 (As if their Loyalty debauch'd their Trust)
 Rail at the Law, nay rail at one another,
 And, which is yet more base than all the other, }
 Stab the King's Reputation in his Brother?
 O tell me, to what end can this be done?
 Unless you'd like your Predecessors run }
 And damn our Eighty two, to Forty one;

For they (like you) mow'd after Liberty;
 And they (like you) too, knew that they were free;
 But found too soon (Experience dearly bought) W
 Their seeking for't, destroy'd the thing they sought.
 Yet, though they got so little by't before
 (When their own Lust and Rapine rob'd the Poor
 In opposition to all sacred Laws)
 Once more you wou'd revive the *Good-Old-Cause*! A
 Once more o'erthrow the Church, the State, and King,
 And from blest'd Order make Confusion spring;
 That wild Confusion, which of late did rave,
 And sent so many Thousands to the Grave:
 But you may spare the Toil — the Veil's pluck't off,
 And ev'ry Soul that has but Sense enough
 To choose the Right from Wrong: may plainly see
 What you have been, and what you'll ever be:

And as you are, I fear you'll such remain,
 (And should I with ye honest 'twere in vain)

For they that spurn at Mercy, cherish Ill,
 And own no Pow'r above their Lawless Will,
 Will certainly continue Ill Men still;
 Too rank for Earth, and onely fit to goe
 To murmur in their grand Caball below;
 Y'ad best be cautious then, and have a care;
 Ingratitude will find no favour there,
 Although 't has miss'd the stroke of Justice here;
 ---As yet I mean has miss'd of --- for I've seen
 A Morning, though it were at first serene
 As thought can form, has in a trice been clogg'd
 With gloomy Clouds, and almost choak'd with Fog:
 The Sun himself, as if oppress'd with Night,
 Has shrunk his Glories in, e're while so bright,
 And had not pow'r to bless the World with Light:
 Thus sullen signs approaching storms fore told;
 And lo! loud Thunder through the Air has rowl'd:
 Mountains which one wou'd think stood firm as Fate,
 Have reel'd as if they bent beneath their weight.

When

When of a sudden the all-seeing Sun,
Angry as 'twere with what the Storm had done,
Through the thick Shades his pointed Beams has
And in a Moment chas'd 'em all away,
And with fresh Glories dress'd the new-born Day,
So in the wild disorders of the State,
When mighty *Charles* shall yield to mightier Fate;
(Which may it first be long, for Monarchs Breath
Is frail like ours; like ours must taste of Death:)
What cou'd we wish should that black hour arrive,
More than some glorious Hero to survive?
Prepar'd by Heav'n, by Nature, and by Right,
For all the Functions of the Royal Seat,
And fitted thus, why not the Heir, the Brother,
To fill that sacred Place before another?
Who, guided by the same eternal Will,
Wou'd all the roaring Winds of Faction still;
For he who has so many Wonders wrought,
Crown'd with success in all the Fields he fought,

Whom.

Whom Heav'n has sav'd from Rocks and Treach'ries
 And the more treacherous dangers of the Lands (Sand
 War, Envy, Bannishment, Intestine Strife, Ignominy
 Slauder, and all the Snarcs that catch at life;
 He sure must be for some great End design'd
 Proportion'd to the greatness of his mind;
 For nothing less were fit to carry on
 What our good Monarch has so well begun
 In such a Cause, bright as the Sun he dries
 And darts his Glories through the sullow Skies
 Dissolve or drive the Factions Gloom away,
 Unrip Caballs, where Treasons brooding lay,
 And show 'em all to the clear Eye of day
 And with a Justice splendid and sublime
 Wou'd punish Treach'ry equal to the Crime
 Then wou'd the Lands a firm and quiet Peace enjoy
 Which wild Sedition wou'd not dare annoy;
 Nor all the angry Storms of Fate destroy

T H E E N D.

